

His Recollection Not Clear.

"The charge against you," the police justice said, "is that you were uproariously drunk and cavorting about town, wanting to fight everybody you met. What have you to say? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I don't know, your honor," answered the battered specimen of humanity in the prisoner's box, "until I hear the evidence."—Chicago Tribune.

As to Shape.

"The shape of my new winter gown," complained May,

"Is not what I want; I can't bear it. I wonder how I could improve it?" said Fay.

"You might let some other girl wear it."—Philadelphia Press.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

Professor—Now I understand why the people in the restaurant looked at me so. I put on my wife's wig instead of my own.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

His Epitaph.

Here lies a maker of mirrors.
His loss—how we deplore it!
He spent his days behind the glass,
While you spend yours before it.
—Chicago Daily News.

No Escape for George.

Maud (under the Mistletoe)—Now, George, you must take only one.

George—But one from one leaves nothing; let's make it one each and tie.

Maud (shyly)—Oh, well, it's sudden, but you may ask papa.—Yonkers Statesman.

Helping the Poor.

"Well, you must admit," said the misanthrope, "that old Gotrox never gave anything to help the poor."

"Nonsense!" retorted Smiley. "I don't admit it. It was only a few days ago that he gave his \$3,000,000 daughter to a foreign count."—Philadelphia Press.

Visible Proof.

Diggs—Smith's wife is deaf and dumb.

Biggs—Does she talk with her fingers?

Diggs—I guess so. Smith hasn't a dozen hairs left in his head.—Chicago Daily News.

His Surmise.

Little Willy—Mamma, is it the lightning that strikes, or the thunder?

Mother—The lightning, child.

Little Willy—And I s'pose the thunder is the walking delegate, ain't it?—Puck.

Probably True.

Wabash—I wonder what makes old Gotrox dress so shabbily?

Monroe—His pride, my boy.

Wabash—Why, how's that?

Monroe—He's afraid his customers will mistake him for one of his clerks.—Chicago Daily News.

Made a Strong Point.

Yeast—The moth is no respecter of persons.

Crimsonbeak—I don't know about that. You never hear of one getting into a \$250 fur lined overcoat of a poor man.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Only Way.

Cora—Do you play ping-pong science?

which case I just bank away and trust to luck.—N. Y. Times.

Naturally.

Rita—Why is Mr. Kodak so glum looking?

Nita—He and Eleanor have just come out of the dark room, where he had evidently developed a negative.—Princeton Tiger.

Compensations.

Madge—It must be just lovely to be a millionaire.

Marjorie—O, I don't know. There isn't half as much pleasure in buying things when you know you can afford them.—N. Y. Times.

A Sympathetic Sentiment.

"I'm crazy about music!" said the girl who always uses an exaggerated form of speech.

"After hearing you practice," said her father, "so am I."—Washington Star.

Pressing.

Clevertown—Well, I must go—have an engagement with a pretty girl.

Dashaway—Can't you put it off?

"No; it's too pressing."—N. Y. Herald.

Heredity.

Hewitt—Blood will tell.

Jewett—That's so; Gruet swears terribly, and it turns out that his grandfather was a hackman.—Brooklyn Life.

A Pleasant Future.

Groom—You have plenty of money, haven't you, darling?

Bride—Why, no. Papa gave me a hundred dollars, but that won't last me a week.—Brooklyn Life.

Modest.

He—I love the true, the good, the beautiful.

Miss Sereleaf—Oh, Mr. Blank, this is so sudden.—N. Y. Sun.

Taking No Chances.

"I think," said the first business man, "I'll go home to lunch to-day. A new cook arrived at our house just after breakfast, and she has the reputation of being a good one."

"Why not wait for your usual six o'clock dinner?"

"She may be gone by that time."—Philadelphia Press.

Neighborly Courtesies.

Mrs. Dobbs—Mrs. Hobbs has got our cook; she met her and offered her a dollar more a week than we pay.

Mrs. Dibbs—How horrid in her!

Mrs. Dobbs—Yes, but she was very nice and ladylike about it; she sent her old cook over to see if we wanted her.—Puck.

SEALS DID NOT FEAR MEN.

And Their Trust Was Repaid by the Slaughter of Several of Their Number.

Hundreds of seals made Nelson island, in the South Shetland group, look black as night as we approached. They disported themselves in the water and played upon the shore. In wonder, not alarm, they stared at us as we drew near in a small boat. We leaped on shore among them. Still they looked at us in dumb curiosity. I was as much impressed as were the seals and stared as hard at them in an answering wonder.

"Come, old fellow," said Sobral, approaching one of the largest seals with outstretched hand. It edged away a few feet. "Move on, then," he said, smacking it on the back with his open hand. It edged a little farther away, looking over his shoulder with an injured air. But it made no attempt to seek safety. A mere plunge into the water would have brought freedom from any danger.

Several leopard seals were shot by our party, says a writer in the Independent, and their fellows gathered around them, wondering why they lay so motionless, and staring with wide, pathetic eyes.

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